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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1910, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 24th AUGUST, 1889.

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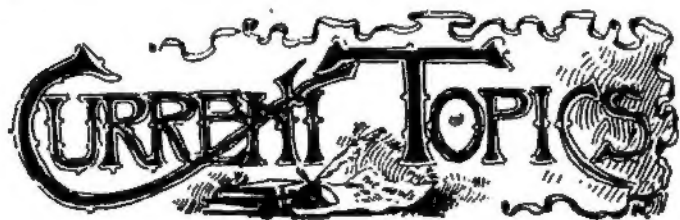
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24th AUGUST, 1889.



"What well-directed training schools can accomplish," says the *Canadian Manufacturer*, "is illustrated in the case of the dairy-schools of Denmark. That Government has for years spent over \$50,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy-schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy products, and a lively demand for Danish butter. Within twenty years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$13,000,000 per annum." The preference of Danish and Dutch to Canadian butter in the English market has been a reproach to the butter-makers of the Dominion, which, we trust, will soon be deprived of justification.

In a recent number (August 10) of the *Toronto Merchant* there is an article on "Fallacious Ideas of Merchants," which it may do some members of the mercantile community some good to read. "There are merchants," it begins, "possessed of the idea that time spent in conversation with the travelling salesman is so much time wasted;" and then it goes on to show that these travellers are mostly intelligent men, whose business gives them wide and varied opportunities of acquiring knowledge, which the merchant, who seldom leaves home, cannot be expected to obtain. To refrain from conversing with a man thus well informed as to the course of trade throughout the country, on the plea of time-saving, is, the *Merchant* urges, a false economy.

In a contribution to the *Star*, written with his usual charm of style, Mr. S. E. Dawson has fitting words of praise for the new short line from Montreal to St. John, N.B. He mentions an anomaly, however, the continuance of which we would earnestly deprecate. In St. John, it appears, the visitor from Montreal, seeking the news in his familiar *Herald* or *Gazette*, *Witness* or *Star*, seeks in vain, while experiencing no difficulty whatever in securing a *Mail*, a *Globe*, an *Empire*, or a *World*. This rarity of Montreal and abundance of Toronto papers may, it is true, be owing to natural causes. Our Toronto "contemporaries" may be accessible in that fair and thriving city by the sea, for the simple reason that Toronto proprietors are more enterprising and wide awake to their own interests than their journalistic brethren of Montreal. Mr. Dawson, indeed, does not hesitate to make comparisons which are not flattering to the Montreal press. It was that of Ontario, not of Montreal, that sent representatives to the Carnival, although that most successful *fête* celebrated an event that especially concerned this city. For Montreal is the point on the St. Lawrence that was brought into direct connection with the Atlantic

at St. John by the opening of the Short Line Railway. If mere apathy be at fault—strange as such apathy must, in the circumstances, be considered—the remedy is within reach, as far as the supply of papers is concerned; and Mr. Dawson has done well to stir up his fellow-citizens.

But he seems disposed to invest his disappointment with a further and more deplorable significance. He hints at the possible isolation of this province from the English-speaking communities on either side of it; at Toronto and St. John "joining hands over our heads." And he ascribes the risk of that misfortune befalling us to "the prevalence of the French language and the continual discussion of French questions." It is true, as he points out, that at the last census there were 56,635 residents of French origin in New Brunswick, so that there is really more ground for sympathy (apart from their contiguity) between Quebec and New Brunswick than between New Brunswick and Ontario. Montreal certainly (as Mr. Dawson reminds us) lost an opportunity in not making more of the carnival and the railway, which helped to give it *raison d'être*. But, to whatever cause that neglect may be attributed, we cannot think that it arose out of either indifference or slight. Our own experience is that the kindest feelings are reciprocated by the English-speaking elements in the two provinces, and as for the relations between Acadian and Canadian French, they never were so cordial as they have been for the last twelve months or so. The writings of Abbé Casgrain, M. Rameau de Saint Père, Senator Poirier, Benjamin Sulte, and others, in the Old World and the New, have done much to bring about this *rapprochement*.

If the Elixir of Life is not "as old as the hills" (or was it "the Flood?") as a distinguished professor asserts, it is certainly old enough to be no novelty. The word, like many other scientific terms introduced into Europe in the Middle Ages, is of Arab origin, though the Arabs may have derived it (as they derived much of their knowledge) from the Greeks. It was originally used to denote the philosopher's stone, but was afterwards applied to fluids as well as solids. Potions bearing the name of *Elixir vitæ* have been practically countless. Only one of these has taken permanent place in pharmacy—that of Matthiolus, which was once given to relieve epileptic attacks. Of the more pretentious preparations of the name, Dr. Francis Shepherd, of this city, mentions some of the most famous in an article on "Medical Quacks and Quackeries," which appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1883.

We are behind the times in some respects, doubtless. If a Canadian judge or ex-judge raised murderous hands against a brother of the Bench, or if, to prevent such a scandal, some quick-eyed Canadian sheriff were to anticipate his proper functions as the supreme dispenser of justice, what an outcry there would be. Why, we would think the world was coming to an end. The Terry-Field-Nagle tragedy belongs to a class of "sensations" which, happily, are virtually impossible on Canadian soil.

Not, indeed, that we can claim a social record entirely bloodless. There are persons still living who can recall the years when duelling was sanctioned by the makers, and winked at by the interpreters, of our laws. Affairs of honour were not unknown in Canada in the early years of the present reign, though it is to the credit of Her

Majesty and the late Prince Consort that they constantly frowned upon the sanguinary code; till eventually it fell into desuetude. Although, even in its worst days, the practice was not so frequent in Canada as in Europe, it was more often attended with fatal results, in proportion to the number of encounters. The death of Major Ward is still remembered by some of our readers. "John White, Esquire, His Majesty's Attorney-General," William Weekes, barrister-at-law, and "Young Ridout," son of Surveyor-General Ridout, fell victims to the code of honour within the space of twenty years in Upper Canada. The seconds, in this last case, one of whom was then serving as Attorney-General, were brought to trial eleven years after the fatality and were acquitted.

But, in the matter of duelling, Canada was moderation itself compared with the Mother Country. No office or dignity (if it were not clerical) was deemed a valid plea for exemption from the tyrannous usage. To decline a challenge called for a nobler exercise of courage than to accept it. The provocations on which men were called out were sometimes of the most trivial character. A statesman's duty to the commonwealth did not shield him from the annoyance. Wilberforce was challenged by a sea captain, who considered himself insulted by one of the philanthropist's speeches on the slave trade. In the early years of the century there was hardly a public man who had not offered himself as a mark for a bullet. Pitt fought a duel while he was Prime Minister. So did Fox and Canning and the Duke of Wellington. Peel was the last statesman of the first rank to send or receive a challenge.

The change in opinion on this question has in England been equivalent to a social revolution. We cannot realize such a thing as Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone going out some morning to exchange shots with some hasty-tempered opponent. The duel between M. Floquet and General Boulanger seemed to emphasize the contrast between the tone of thought and life in England and that which prevails on the other side of the Channel. Yet a few generations ago the sword or the pistol was the final court of appeal in questions of "honour" in England even more than in France. In the latter country, perhaps, the custom would ere this have died out were it not that convention has made it little more than a form. Certainly, where a brief matutinal exercise in swordmanship and a mere scratch given or received can satisfy all the laws of honour, duelling is less brutal than the lawless and treacherous shooting which has taken its place among our neighbours. If to slay a man in a duel be murder, then to shoot a man down without warning is seventold murder.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S POSITION.

Some difference of opinion seems to exist as to the position of Sir Charles Tupper with respect to the Imperial Federation movement. Some Canadian journals have commented on his recent speeches as though they implied the assent of the Government and people of Canada to his proposal of a convention. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by what Sir Charles said either at the anniversary banquet of the Imperial Federation League or at the subsequent council meetings of that body. His utterances on the former occasion, which were briefly summarized in this journal, were simply intended to give a practical tendency to the policy of the League. On that

point Sir Charles Tupper gave full and satisfactory explanation at the special meeting of the Council, which met on the 18th ult., for the very purpose of considering how his suggestion might be carried out. He then declared that his proposal was due to the conviction that, unless some practical steps were adopted, the League would be open to the reproach of having no definite object. The *Edinburgh Review* had, indeed, charged it with persistent *faineantise*, with having nothing whatever to show after its five years of existence. "We all admit," said Sir Charles Tupper, "that this question of Imperial Federation—it has been practically admitted by its warmest advocates from the very outset—is a measure of great importance, but attended with great difficulties; and I know of no better means of arriving at a solution of the question, and making some practical step in advance, than by mutual consultation on the part of leading gentlemen in this country who have taken so forward and active a part in the movement, and such delegates as, I am satisfied, would be cheerfully sent by the various colonies who have any measure of self-government, taking up and considering this very important question." Then, after emphasizing the entirely unpartisan character of the League and its aims, Sir Charles took care to add that, in making the suggestion, which he had ventured to throw out, he did not in any way represent the Government of Canada, but simply expressed his own views and opinions with regard to the question.

After the President, Lord Rosebury, and other members of the Council, had spoken on the subject, it was resolved that a deputation from the League should ask the Government to consider the advisability of issuing invitations to the Governments of the self-governing colonies to send delegates to London to confer on the possibility of establishing closer and more substantial relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies. It was also resolved that the resolution should be communicated to the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary. The refusal of Lord Salisbury to entertain the proposition comprised in the resolution made it necessary to hold another special meeting of the Council. On that occasion, also, Sir Charles Tupper took pains to clear his action in the matter of any possible misunderstanding. The Premier had, in his opinion, misapprehended very seriously the position of the question. When His Lordship had spoken of the colonies desiring to consult together, and of their being free to select representatives to that end without any summons or assistance from the Home authorities, he evidently seemed to be under the impression that the suggestion of a conference had emanated from the colonies. Such was clearly not the case. "On the contrary," Sir Charles Tupper explained, "I drew attention to the fact at the outset—that Canada was eminently satisfied with the Constitution that she possessed now; that there was probably less necessity for action in this direction on the part of Canada than in almost any other portion of Her Majesty's dominions. I spoke, in making the suggestion, as an Imperialist. In that spirit and in that spirit alone I made the suggestion. This question of Imperial Federation did not emanate from the colonies."

In fact, not only did Sir Charles Tupper not claim, on any of the several occasions to which we refer, to speak for the Dominion, but, moreover, we believe we are justified in saying that, though he prided himself on being an Imperialist and ex-

pressed his readiness to give his influence to whatever policy or plan would tend to perpetuate and guarantee the integrity of the Empire, and to that extent sympathized with the League movement, he never declared himself in favour of the federal scheme as the only alternative to disintegration. Partaking last December in the discussion that followed Mr. W. Gisborne's paper on Colonization, Sir Charles took exception very explicitly to the view that, without Imperial Federation, the Empire's integrity is at stake. "Having," he said, "had over thirty years' experience in Colonial Parliaments, and having given great thought to the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country, I am glad to say I am not prepared to endorse the statement that we must either radically change the existing system or this Empire must go to pieces." And, having affirmed his strong belief in the necessity of the colonies to England's greatness and deprecated any sundering of the traditional tie, he continued: "But when I look at what the colonies were fifty years ago—either Australia or British North America—and their position of commanding importance to-day, how, in the face of such testimony of what the existing system has been able to achieve, can I commit myself to the proposition that we must either go to pieces or change all that, and change it for something which, with all their energy and ability, the best statesmen have not yet been able to devise. How can I commit myself to the statement that you are going to pieces unless this undiscovered panacea is found?" In his later utterances Sir Charles Tupper, while expressing his desire that some definite and practical steps might be taken to bring the Mother Country and the Colonies more closely together, deprecated the mistake of considering the federal scheme essential to the endurance and integral life of the Empire. And throughout he was careful to insist that he alone was responsible for the opinions that he expressed.

JOURS DE NAISSANCE.

A sweet dark face and raven hair, large darker, dreamy eyes—
Soft lights within those soulful eyes, like lights of summer skies;
A glow on dainty cheeks, like blush of rosy morn—
A sunny smile, and crimson lips, like poppies in the corn.
Oh, sweet first love is born to-day!

A slender form—a winsome voice, low-trilling all the day—
Cool, gentle hands, with touch so blest pain from them flies away—
Kind words when sorrow come, that put an edge to life,
And make the life in living love 'twere better for the strife.
Ah! sweet first love, wilt thou not stay?

A summer night—a foot-worn bridge—a babbling rill be low—
A harvest moon—a harvest love—a hillside wrapt in snow—
A hand clasped over hand—a sob heaved brokenly—
A verdant height—a last embrace—a white sail out at sea.
Yes, sweet first love will live away!

Montreal, August 18, 1889.

M. B. A.

THE POET'S WINE.

Nature unto her votary distils
A draught more sweet than ever the wine-god sipped;
Blessed be he who in its deep hath dipped,
Fountain of golden light on sunny hills—
Balm of fine flowers; perfume of spicy trees;
The brawling of brook, the voice of blithesome bird;
The crick's cheery song in sunshine heard,
The winner's low laugh, the booming of the bees.

O! happy he who in her temple kneels,
Who worships at her many-fountain shrine!
His be the sunlight and the golden wine;
To him her fairest fountains she unsals—
All the sweet essences of earth are his,
Heir of the gods the living poet is!

Prescott, Ont.

HELEN M. MERRILL.



Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London and New York, will shortly bring out a sequel to Sir Charles Dilke's "Greater Britain," under the title of "Problems of Greater Britain."

The latest addition to Lovell's Canadian Copyright Series is "That Other Woman," by Annie Thomas. It is not the author's best production, but it is a readable story and has a moral for those who choose to profit by it.

Mrs. H. R. Haws, whose visit to Canada some of our readers will remember, is about to publish a book on "The Art of Housekeeping." The favoured ones who have enjoyed Mrs. Haws's receptions will understand that clever and hospitable lady's fitness for the task.

The latest instalment of Mr. John Ruskin's autobiography, "Præterita," is entitled "Joanna's Care," and is largely devoted to an account of his intercourse with Miss Joan Agnew, subsequently Mrs. Arthur Severn. It also contains some personal reminiscences of Carlyle.

We are promised a remarkably cheap re-issue of Morley's Universal Library (George Routledge and Sons), the price of each volume being only sixpence. The series will be begun by the publication of a new edition of "The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," as to the critical value of which it is enough to say that Professor Henry Morley is the editor.

One of the most recent of the Canterbury Poets Series, published by Walter Scott, of London, is "The Poems of Walter Savage Landor. Selected and edited by Ernest Radford." The volumes of the series, which is as excellent as it is cheap, may be obtained from Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, and from Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co. and E. Picken, of Montreal.

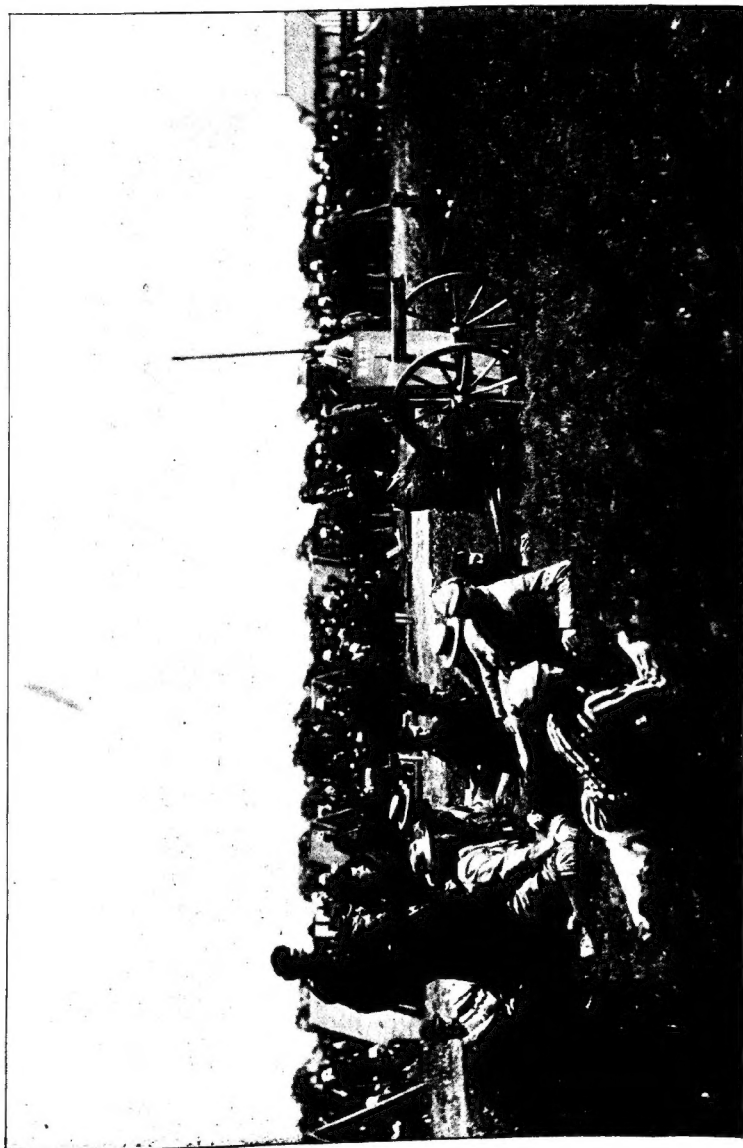
"The Colonist at Home Again; or Emigration not Expatriation" is a sequel to a work published some years ago entitled "A Year in Manitoba." The Retired Officer, who gave his early experience of the North-West in the latter book, found it pleasant and advantageous to extend his stay to seven years. It is to be hoped that the "Sequel" will be as effective as its forerunner in inducing the better class of immigrants to avail themselves of the bounties of our great prairie country. The book is published by Messrs. Wm. Dawson & Sons, of London, and W. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal.

"Picked up on the Streets"—a romance from the German of H. Scholbert—translated into English by Mrs. A. L. Wister, has been translated into English by Mrs. A. L. Wister, of Montreal, as one of his Popular Series, "Ferra," the heroine, is a study somewhat out of the beaten path both of character and life. Mr. Robinson has also issued a cheap edition of Col. Hay's "Pike Country Ballads," "The Monk's Wedding," by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, a romance of mediæval Italy, is another of his series. Mr. Robinson's books are clearly printed on good paper, and have attractive covers. A discount of 40 per cent. is allowed to the trade.

Under the heading of "Publisher Found," the *Literary World*, of August 9, contains the following piece of information: "Charles Bianconi: A Biography" was published by Chapman and Hall, 1875, and reviewed in the *Literary World* of February 15 of that year; W. Kirkham, Scarborough. In a note to the chapter on "Charles Bianconi" in his "Men of Invention and Industry" (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1875), Mr. Samuel Smiles writes: "This article originally appeared in *Good Words*. A biography of Charles Bianconi, by his daughter, Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, has since been published; but the above article is thought worthy of republication, as its contents were for the most part taken principally from Mr. Bianconi's own lips." The son of Bianconi, whose name is not likely to be forgotten in Ireland, married the granddaughter of Daniel O'Connell, and the latter's nephew, Morgan John, married Miss Bianconi.

The July number of the *Hertfordshire Constitutional Magazine* contains interesting papers on "The Origin of Tradesmen's Signs"; "Elizabeth at Hatfield," by W. F. Andrews; "Hertfordshire Regiment and the China War of 1841," by Joshua Jolliffe; "Hertfordshire's Relation to the Wars of the Roses," by Percy Crossland; "St. Alban's Abbey and its Restoration," by "A Parishioner," and other contributions of antiquarian, historical and economic interest. The paper on Queen Elizabeth's sojourn at Hatfield House (the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury) sheds some fresh light on the great Queen's early life and studies, and enhances the interest of the many associations that cluster around one of the most noteworthy of English country houses. Mrs. Quincy Lane, the able and enterprising editor of this fine monthly, has placed the English public under fresh obligations by starting a like publication for Middlesex. It is her intention to endow every county (if practicable) with its own organ for the expression of opinion on constitutional, religious and social questions, and the success which has hitherto attended her praiseworthy efforts, gives reason to hope that she will also succeed in the larger scheme. Her chosen motto "Honeste audax," gives key to her principles and aims. (59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.)

WIMBLEDON.



SCENE AT THE FIRING POINTS.



DAPHNE.—Our engraving evidently represents the fair damsel who was blessed or cursed with the sun-god's love in her quiet moments. As yet no thought has come to her of the importunities of the god of light and song, from which she fled in such alarm. She is still "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," though her eyes seem to forecast some strange doom. She is clearly a maiden of the woods, in sympathy with all wild creatures, and, like them, fleet, whether in pursuit or retreat. Whatever the artist intended her to be, he has given her a fine head, an expressive face and a graceful figure. Of some such type of beauty did the poet write:

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad or a grace,
Of fairer form or lovelier face.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES AND FORTY-THIRD COMPETITION TEAMS.—Our illustrations represent the teams chosen by the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Montreal and the 43rd of Ottawa to uphold the reputations of their respective corps in the telegraphic match, shot simultaneously on the Rideau Ranges, Ottawa, and Cote St. Luke Ranges, Montreal, on the 27th July. Rain fell during the match at both places, but the Vics were even more drenched than the 43rd, the rain falling on them in torrents. The 43rd came out 23 points ahead, the total scores being as follows: 43rd Battalion, 775 points; 3rd Vics, 752 points. The following were on the teams: 43rd, Major Wright, Lieutenants O'Grady and Sutherland, Sergeant Dial, Privates Hutchison, Ellis, Scott, Rolfe, Taylor and McGanet; 3rd Vics, Lieut. Desbarats, Staff-Sergeants MacAdam and Wilson, Privates Burns, Cooke, Thomson, Mathews, Pope, Pringle and McCrae. We are indebted to Lieut. Parker, of the Vics for the photographs of their team, which was taken in the rain while some of the team were finishing their luncheon. The Ottawas were photographed by Mr. Topley.

THE CAMP, WIMBLEDON.—In the present number we present our readers with a number of supplementary views of scenes in Wimbledon and its neighbourhood. In one of them we have a general view of the Canadian portion of the camp; in another we catch a glimpse of the interior of Col. Bacon's Reception Tent; while two others present the Canadian Team under different circumstances. These views, taken expressly for this journal, are remarkably good and true, and with those which appeared in our issue of August 17, constitute a memorial of the last Wimbledon meeting, which Canadian marksmen are sure to appreciate. Some of the other scenes depicted, which call for special notice, are referred to further on.

HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON.—In this engraving our readers have depicted a scene such as has been associated with camps—whether in real or mimic warfare—since those immemorial conflicts of race out of which civilization developed. The armies of Greece, of Rome, of Persia, of Carthage, had just such high streets—mutatis mutandis—whenever they encamped for any time in any locality. It is not without interest, in this connection, from the historian's or antiquary's standpoint, to recall the tradition which assigns to Wimbledon the *locale* of a Roman encampment in the years when the mistress of the world had conquered the new world of Britain. Caesar's Camp, as some of our readers have not to be told, is recognized in the outlines of an ancient earthwork at the southern extremity of the grounds. The interest that attaches to Wimbledon is, however, mainly of modern character, and there could be no more forcible reminder of the fact than the varied scene with which the artist has favoured us in this engraving. It is a little *cosmos* in itself, this high street—this Regent street, as it is called—of the camp followers, and adds greatly to the life and interest of the neighbourhood, as well, no doubt, as to the convenience of the soldiers, whose supposed demands created the supply of purchasable commodities of every variety.

APPROACH TO CAMP, WIMBLEDON.—This engraving shows one of the prettiest spots in a neighbourhood that is favoured by nature as well as by art. In fine weather its attractions make Wimbledon a most desirable resort for holiday visitors, and this lovely scene is fairly characteristic of the environment in which our volunteers passed the weeks of their sojourn.

COTTAGE OF MAJOR-GENERAL LORD WANTAGE, V.C.—There is no spot on the historic ground which military men will recall with more pleasure and gratitude than the cottage of Lord and Lady Wantage. Nor could the name of a braver or more enthusiastic soldier, or of a lady more, graciously and generously interested in the soldier's welfare be associated with an abode of military hospitality. Lord Wantage, though still in the prime of life—for he was born in 1832—has had his full share of the soldier's toil and the soldier's glory. He was one of the earliest in the service to win that object of the British soldier's highest ambition—the Victoria Cross. The first act of valour for which it was awarded to him was performed as long ago as 1854. He was then a Brevet-Major of twenty-two in the Coldstream Guards, fighting his country's battles in the Crimea. From that date till 1885, when Major-General R. J. Loyd-Lindsay was created a peer, with the title of Lord Wantage, he led the way in many an engagement in many lands, and

was again deemed worthy of the Cross, which he had gained once for all. Lady Wantage's entertainments have been among the most enjoyable social features of Wimbledon, and members of past Teams, as well as that which recently returned home victorious, will, we are sure, be glad to have a memorial of them in this engraving.

THE KOLAPORE CUP.—The massive silver trophy so well known as the Kolapore Cup—but which really consists of two cups—may be seen in the engraving of the winning Team, which appeared in our issue of the 17th inst. The two cups which Capt. Hood (the adjutant of the Team) is holding in that engraving, are remarkably handsome specimens of the silversmith's art. They stand some twenty inches in height and are urn-shaped, being at the broadest part of the body about eight inches in diameter. On the shoulder of each are two lion's heads handsomely wrought, proceeding from which on each is a delicately worked chain handle ornamented with dead beaten silver bead knots. The sides of the cup are curiously ornamented with beaten scales picked out with delicately chased lines and burnished. The necks are plain burnished silver with chased border lines and are closed with concentric lids.

GRANDPAPA'S BIRTHDAY.—This fine picture is its own interpreter. The venerable old gentleman, who seems so pleased with his little granddaughter's gift of flowers, has evidently already received other tokens of unforgetting regard. None of them, however, have afforded him more real satisfaction than the large fresh bouquet which his sweet little kinswoman has so considerably brought him. His face and attitude express the gratification that it has given him to be thus remembered on a day which, while reminding him of his shortening years, is not without many tender memories. The consort of his joys and sorrows contemplates with sympathy the loving pair, the disparity of whose age has not precluded the closest ties of affection. In her mind, too, memories of the past are thronging. She has crossed the long interval of years that lies between the present and her own childhood, and for the moment grows young again at sight of her grandchild's simple love and trust. German apparently is the school of the painter, but whatever it be, he has produced a true and pathetic picture—one of those glimpses of real life which remind us that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

THE FIRST FISH.—No triumph piscatorial of the coming years will compare for true satisfaction with the rapture of that "first fish." He can hardly believe his eyes, and his little companion is still more astonished. Apart from the two little figures, whose occupation and success have given it *raison d'être* and a name, the picture is effective as a study of rocks and water.

THE SILLERY MISSION.

[The conjunction of greatness and littleness, meanness and pride, is older than the days of the patriarchs; and such antiquated phenomena, displayed under a new form in the unreflecting, undisciplined mind of a savage, calls for no special wonder, but should rather be classed with the other enigmas of the human breast.—*Parkman.*]

The Vesper signal echoes through the glades,
As, cross in hand, the father wends his way,
To lead his flock beyond the wigwam-shades,
Within God's house to sanctify the day.

The swarthy hunters, interrupting cares
Of after-chase, slow follow down the hill;
Their helpmates meek, subdued in camp affairs,
Seek welcome respite, at their master's will.

The spirit of prayer they feebly comprehend,
Sincereless-trained to compass life's defense;
Yet priestcraft oft, the perverse will to bend,
Accepts the form of prayer for penitence.

The pious tones of him who reads their fate,
His offerings doled with undeceived regard,
Incentive teach what children learn elate,
That duty reverent-done invites reward.

And were they not but children of the womb
Of prehistoric twilight, mystery-bound,
When Gospel-dawn, truth-tinted, lit life's gloom,
To guide the soul its nearer depths to sound?

The birth-right of the teeming woods was theirs,
And all that unprogressive art e'er gained:
Theirs was the craft the higher ken impairs,
When instinct's edge is dulled by routine trained.

Their faith, inconstant as the chance of war,
Had for its only stay life's flitting joys;
Their paradise, some hunting ground afar,
Was but the sheen that through the glade deploys.

Their moral code, the imprint of their fate
Writ on tradition's page, did self exalt:
Their virtue was revenge, their valour hate,
Their highest hope a mere pursuit at fault.

And was their mien not index sad of hearts,
Fate-steeped in ill, dejected not subdued,—
Their souls but dens where passion's rudest arts
And covert plans found refuge to denude?

Did not ambition, cunning, and desire
In them a license undefined espouse?
Was not their glory but dishonour's hire
Howe'er the good or ill their ire did rouse?

Such is the picture often drawn of life
When man seems but the slave of fate's behest—
When soul-growth, stunted by protracted strife
Of birth-throes fierce, is retrogressive pressed.

Yet prudish progress, that, with virtues torn,
Peeps 'tween the shreds its keenness to enhance,
Is oft the pride, whose unreflecting scorn
Detects a vice unvirtued by its glance.

Are hate and envy dead, by progress crushed,
Or but disguised by etiquette's veneer?
Are enmities and passion's outbursts hushed
By culture's sweetest smile or Christian fear?

These nomads' toils a fickle harvest bore,
With bounty's feast forboding hunger's stint;
And misery's dreams of progress seldom soar
Beyond the bounds of penury's restraint.

Yet in the soul, though swathed in dismal light,
There gleams a cheer around some germ of good,—
A germ whose leaflets nurtured seek their height
In hope, the seeding crown of rectitude.

And when we feel the summer's rippling thrill
Bestir the heart where glebe and river meet,
As in the woodland Sillery warblers trill
Their songs of peace our happiness to greet,

We dare believe such sweet environment
Would often ray the gloom that weird controlled
The being thrall'd by nature's chastisement
And purify its heart like filtering gold.

And nature's charms, we know, though overcast,
These children of the woods did oft admire,
As round tradition's lore they stood aghast
Within the glare of winter's wigwam fire.

With them each woodland valley had its god:
Each headlong cataract was deified:
The lake bestormed the awfulness forbode
Of spirit rage that on its waves did ride.

The whispering brake, the laughing daffodil,
The mad-cap poplar and the mournful pine,
The mountain's fir-clad strength, the brooklet's rill,
The gods of myth creation did enshrine.

The store-house orb of day, whose spilling gold
Bathed eve's horizon fringed with forest light;
The bride of heaven, with silvery veil unrolled
In triumph drawn beneath the arch of night;

The stars whose merry rays were joy in dance,
But further joyed at heaven's surrounding gloom;
All bodied myths, whose flitting charms enhance
The stable laws that through them quaintly loom.

And is't not ever thus? Does not the myth
Of sensuous birth still gild the hopes and fears
Of humankind, as pressed by passion-faith
Beyond its ken, faith-images it rears?

In good and ill their weak perception saw
Antagonistic force with godhead crowned;
Of right and wrong, not yet defined by law,
Their tyrant king was self not yet dethroned.

Of God, the One, they knew no attribute
Save that of awe-inspiring Manitou,
To whom, their faith could unimpaired impute
Whatever might their aims with right endow.

Upon a knoll of Beauvoir's fair demesne
May still be traced o'ergrown their place of rest,
Where through the grove is heard the meek refrain
Of zephyr-song with tremour dismal pressed.

Its rustling breath the solemn problem blows—
Is being but the friction darkness-rife,
That scintillates a spark or two, and shows
To man the crowding shadows in his life?

Was life to them the narrow span of time,
The limit of their care-worn years on earth—
A few heart-throbs in woe-begotten rhyme
That had no song of longed-for after-birth?

Or did some glare of sensuous joy reveal
To them a destiny beyond secured,
As theirs it led a further strength to feel
When Christian faith their feebler faith matured?

Here sleep the chiefs whose brows erst wore the crown
Of merit, gained as council's honour-star;
Here lies ambition's glory, still our own
By hero-worship hailed, though stained by war.

Here prowess sleeps that shed its tribal fame,
To guard the glades against the lurking foe—
To lead the winding trail in search of game,
Or ward off winter's wrath befoamed with snow.

Perchance parental patience here may rest,
Near other virtues that have lost their bloom,
The care of kin, domestic fealty's test,
May boast its solemn niche within the gloom.

Now all is peace; and round the gentle shore
Historia's silken veil is graceful drawn,
As honour we the faith that ope'd the door
To Gospel light and fair refinement's dawn.



Formal excommunications are rarely mentioned in the history of Canada. In his interesting work, "A Travers les Régistres," Monseigneur Tanguay gives an instance of such a sentence being pronounced under extraordinary circumstances. It occurs on page 156, under the date February, 1754, in the following terms:—

"Le 15—Mariage à la gomme et excommunication:—Les nommés Pierre Benard et Catherine Lavolette, s'étant mariés, le 15 février, à la gomme, pendant l'élévation de la Sainte-Hostie, le mandement de Mgr. de Saint-Valier, contre ces détestables mariages, a été lu au prône, le dimanche après, 24me jour du même mois, sur l'ordonnance de Mr. Lenormant, Vicaire-général du diocèse, et les prétendus mariés ont été déclarés, en conséquence, excommuniés."

(Rig. de la Pointe-aux-Trembles, Montréal.)

In another work of great interest, "Les Anciens Canadiens," by the late Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, we find among the "Notes et éclaircissements," the statement that several of the *habitants*, who, during the Revolutionary War, persisted in siding with the Americans, in the expectation that, through the French allies of the latter, Canada would be restored to France, had, after frequent, though fruitless, warnings, been regretfully excommunicated by their *curés*. Many graves of these unfortunates were formerly, says De Gaspé, to be seen on the south side of the St. Lawrence, below Quebec. He also mentions that one of these rebels, being approached by his priest when on his death-bed and exhorted to confess his error, the dying man, raising himself and regarding his adviser with a look of contempt, reproached him with his English sympathies, then turned to the wall and expired.

Our Laureate, Dr. Fréchette, has made "Les Excommuniés" the subject of a pathetic poem, of which we have just received a translation from an always welcome and greatly venerated contributor, Mr. Wicksteed, Q.C., whose portrait and biography were published some months ago in our columns. It closely follows the original, both in letter and spirit, the only departure being the use of blank verse instead of the rhymed couplet. We present our readers with the closing and most touching portion of the poem, in Mr. Wicksteed's version:

Five only braved the blow;—but these resembled
In their proud folly, the unshaken rock;
They let the thunder growl above their heads,
And in despite of insult and of fears
Sublimely mad, in holy ignorance,
Refused to bow to any God but France!
Old age crept on them,—death came in its turn,—
And without priest, or cross, in that rough plot,
Close by the muddy road, where cattle browse,
These stubborn souls lay down in turn to sleep.

One yet remained, a broken-down old man,
A shadow; five and twenty years had passed
Since on his head the anathema had fallen,
Bowed on his trembling staff, with white lip,
On the deserted road he oft was seen
At twilight, wandering in the rain and storm,
Spectre-like,—turning oft his eyes away
To shun the child that pelted him with stones,
He plunged alone into the shades of night.

And more than one affirmed to having seen him,
—The village women crossed themselves in fright—
Kneeling in darkness by the unblest graves.

One day they found him frozen stiff; his hand
Had in its weakness on the road let fall
An ancient rusted gun,—his old-time weapon.
His friend in the brave days,—his war companion,
His latest comrade and his supreme hope.

They dug into the black and hardened soil,
And laid in that new grave, and side by side,
The old French musket and the old-time rebel.

The people cherish yet this sad remembrance;
And when the sunset gold fades into grey,
The passer through St. Michel de Bellechasse,
Belated at his sport with rod or gun,
Hearing to see some sheeted spectre rise,
Turns trembling from the fatal spot away.

So these five peasants had for burial place,
Five little mounds where cattle seek their food!
Deserved it,—yes—perhaps! Yet men will say
They were in truth five heroes after all!

I bow, no doubt, to the decree that struck them,
Yet, when by chance I pass along that road,
—Not asking God if I be right or wrong—
I pause—uncovered—near those lowly graves!

In the early days of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, we were favoured with the copy of a poem on the Battle of Marathon by a learned judge of the Ontario Bench. Our attention is again called to it by "G. W. W.," who writes:

"Your talented and highly esteemed literary editor, Laclède, noticed it in enthusiastic terms, saying very truly that, in its thirty-five pages, he found every line faultless and most interestingly poetical. It was our intention, with Laclède's assistance, to give a further account of the poem, with extracts from it, and to say something about the incidents by which

"Marathon became a magic name"—

and

"Saved Progress, Genius, Arts in mature glow,
"From sinking in barbaric overflow."

But we must now content ourselves with two extracts—one relating to the Religion of the Greeks, the victors, and the other to that of the Persians, the vanquished, in this battle, on which the fate of Greece and Europe depended. Our poet thus sings of the Religion of the Greeks and its origin:—

"The old Greek, dreaming in the shade
And bower, beside some limpid wave,
Drank the sweet sounds its music made,
As voice the local Genius gave.
The cataract leaped joyous down,—
The red bolt clove the thunder cloud—
The tempest smote the forest crown—
The mountain rose through misty shroud,—
Vision and Power and thunder sound
Took Godhead's form and altar found."

It was a creed for Earth's fresh prime,
Her Morning-land of young romance,
Tuneful with earliest minstrel's rhyme,
Flushed in her Sun-god's kindling glance.
It was a web of earthly frame
Lit by a glory downward given;
Its roof was Valour, Beauty, Fame,
Its hues what poets dreamed of heaven,
And kindling eye and bended knee,
Worship'd in rapt idolatry.

It was a creed of light and grace,
Of soaring thought and strain sublime,
Meet for an old heroic race,
For dwellers in a sun-lit clime.
It scattered o'er their glorious land
Fair shrines, earth's fairer haunts to bless,
Where—grain by Art's immortal hand,
Rose crowned, each wandering Loveliness.
And o'er truth's dazzled eyes it threw
A fairy veil of golden hue.

Scorn not the visions of the Past,—
Their erring votaries' vows and prayers;
Their heaven in earthly mould was cast,
But Faith—impassioned Faith—was theirs.
O'er altar crushed,—o'er ruined fane
Some heart of poet-mould might yearn,
To hail the world's fresh youth again,
His Morning-land of Faith return,—
The old fair dream—Life, flowers and smiles
And o'er Death's wave, the blessed Isles."

And then our poet sings of the sun-worshipping Persians in this fashion:—

"Knowest thou those ancient rites?
No vaulted arch their praise confines.
Not theirs the pomp of laboured shrines;
Their Sun-God boasts a nobler home,
His own broad Heaven's illumined dome,—
His shrines, the mountain heights,
Green earth and dawn-flushed sea.

Bold the rude creed their founder taught,
From Reason's simple childhood caught;
An erring Faith, yet half divine,
Wandering from Truth's eternal line.
But scarce idolatry!

Simple the rites—Each white-stoled Priest
Stands gazing on the Sun-flushed East,
Whence radiant from his ocean dawn,
Their glorious King comes journeying on;
Tow'rd his bright car each hand lifts up
To the blue heaven the golden cup,—
On high the rich libations poured,—
Their Flame, God's mounting orb's adored,—
Sinks to the earth the mighty host
In breathless adoration lost;
And vows are breathed and prayer is said,
Till the dead reapers are told;
And the awed spirit felt that hour
The influence of a present power,—
His God above him rolled!

And thus the great battle is ushered in by the prayers of each host after its fashion. The incidents are magnificently told. The Greeks are victorious and the Persians seek shelter in their ships. Euclès, the hero of the story, is sent as herald to announce the victory to the Athenians. He has been sorely wounded, but runs the twenty-three miles between Marathon and the city and falls exhausted when he reaches it, unable to announce the victory. His betrothed, the daughter of the Athenian commander, Callimachus, kneels beside him,—

"And then a new found voice
From the tired life last ebb
Though in the strife the brave heart breaks,—
"Victory! Rejoice! Rejoice!"

Slow on the white arm droops the youthful head,
The soldier sleeps—the living clasps the dead!"

The following extract from "Mary of Nazareth," a poem recently published in England, of which Sir J. C. Barrow, Bart., is the author, will probably be new to most of our readers:

LEGENDS OF EGYPT.

Tradition tells how once at daily toil,
Near golden-gated Heliopolis,
No water lying on the sun-burnt soil—
How, sore athirst, the Infant Jesus wept,
Till Mary offered up her tears with His;
When, on a sudden, at her feet there leapt
A spring of virgin water from the ground;
And as in showers the crystal drops fell round
They wed themselves together in a well,
By side whereof she might with Jesus dwell—
A well that sprang—the Arab still avers—
From that same mingling of His tears with hers.

Tradition tells, moreover, how there stood
A giant tree beside the golden gate,
Of that same city—tree of ancient date,
And worshipped by the worshippers of Wood—
A tree which ever and anon, 'twas said,
When men drew near, bowed down its leaf-crowned
head;
And how, when Mary brought her Jesus there,
It bowed its branches downwards through the air,
Until they kissed the ground she trod, and then
Uprose, and never more bowed down to men.

THE ROMANCE OF CHESS.

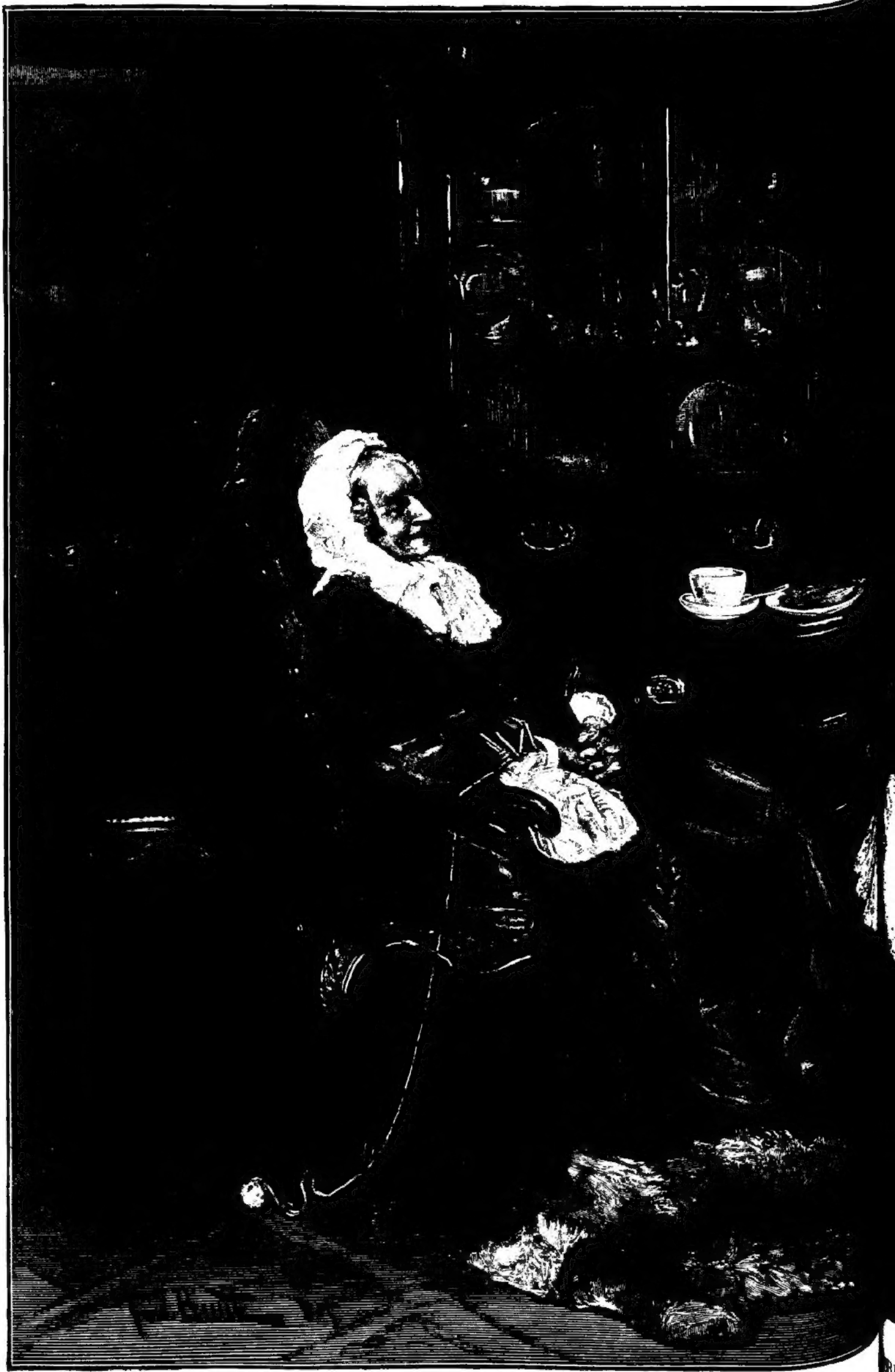
The great game has its tender, its romantic, side, as no game can have at which more than two people play. It smiles on lovers, and can even be the cause of love. Only a few years ago a chess player condemned to live in the country solaced his solitude by playing games by correspondence. Post cards daily brought or daily took his move. His antagonist was a lady; before the contest was over he had got to know this lady, and their acquaintance ripened into intimacy, intimacy into love, and love was crowned with marriage. And this couple, not unmindful of the kindly influence which had brought them together, determined that the very rites of their marriage should "something savour" of the game. So they invited from London a certain clergyman whose genial face—"the front of Mars himself"—is well known in chess circles; none but a chess player of his eminence should celebrate their union. And when bridegroom and bride rose from the wedding breakfast it was only to sit down to a game of chess—the first of their wedded life. Ah! happy, happy pair, under what happy auspices did you start on the highway of marriage! What a fine air of romance, of sweet tenderness, lingers round these lines of Lord Lytton:

"My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtailed warm from the snowy weather
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight."

And so on to the sad close when the poet laments:

"That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Can you and I shut out the skies;
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together."

—The Gentleman's Magazine.



GRANVILLE



BIRTHDAY.

Patience Stanhope's Confessions.

FROM MISS CLARA LANGMORE TO MISS JULIA GLEN.

MY DEAREST JULIA,—Yesterday morning the postman brought me a neat little parcel, which, on opening, I found to be "The Confessions of Patience Stanhope."

You can imagine my astonishment to think that our sweet Patience—our own little Patty—should be the first of us three girls to send that tell-tale packet. How little did we think it would come so soon, when hardly a year ago we left Miss Marshall's in tears and despair, promising to console each other with the longest and most minute accounts of our falling in love, engagement and marriage. I will not tell you a word about Patience's letter—open and read it for yourself. It is charming. But, perhaps, since I have seen the other members of her family, I had better give you a short sketch of them, in order that you may understand the "Confessions" better.

As you know, Mrs. Stanhope is a widow. She is extremely fashionable, and has two daughters, Mabel and Florence, who are older than Patience and also extremely fashionable.

I have always fancied that Patience is a little overshadowed by them and does not receive quite so much consideration. But I am not sure of that, and as Patience has never breathed a word of it to me, perhaps I am wrong in saying so.

There is only one son, who is considerably older than the girls. His name is John; he is a lawyer, and the dearest, quaintest creature imaginable. He is a little like Patience, but very old-fashioned. Patience herself will tell you all the rest.

Mamma and I have spent the most delightful summer up in the mountains—papa and the boys running up every now and then. I will write again in a few days and give you an account of my adventures and escapades, which latter, I am sorry to say, have not diminished in number. I have enjoyed your letters so much, my dear Julia, they are always so bright and interesting. But I positively must not keep you any longer from dear Patience's "Confessions."

Mamma sends her kind regards.

Ever your loving,

CLARA

CONFESSIONS OF PATIENCE STANHOPE.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—How little I thought a year ago that I should be the first to write these dreadful "Confessions." I must be dreaming and shall wake soon to find myself a boarder at Miss Marshall's, seeing every day two dear girls whom I shall never forget. What fun we used to have! Do you remember that night before we left school forever, how we carried Miss Marshall by storm and got permission to sleep in that dear little room at the end of the hall overlooking the garden, and how we talked all night? I think of you both every day—you, Clara, the only daughter, the pride and delight of the whole house, clever and beautiful, snaring your unfortunate lovers with your golden locks, and slaying them with the bright glances of your blue eyes. Don't boast. Love will find you yet a-napping and steal your heart away under some unlikely disguise. And you, my dear Julia, at home with your father and mother in that dear brown house, the most wonderful girl in the world to your little brothers and sisters; and, indeed, though you were the youngest of us three girls, you were always far the cleverest. We expect great things of you some day, my dear. But you must not imagine that writing books will keep the naughty little god away. Be warned in time. You have already one sad example before you. But, oh! girls, it is of no use to go on this way. It will not help me with my confessions. I can see that you are both laughing at the way I try to put off the evil day. I had better begin at once.

Attention, young ladies! This summer, as you know, mamma, my two sisters and I went to a very gay Atlantic watering-place and spent a most enjoyable summer—at least mamma and my sisters did—and I did, too, of course, but it was so very gay and fashionable that I used to long now and then for a little quiet. My dear brother John came down once early in the summer, but went back to

the city very soon, saying that he could not stay away any longer and that business was so pressing that he could not possibly come down again. I am really afraid that John exaggerated a little; I fancy he did not like staying at our hotel. So he lived all summer in our house, with just a house-keeper. It must have been dreary for him.

The last of August came and mamma was not yet ready to go home. I was a little disappointed at first, but a good many people went away, and then I had the most delightful walks along the shore. Girls, I can't tell you how I got to love the sea, in its ever-changing beauty and ceaseless motion. At sunset, to walk on the firm sand, with the little whispering waves of the incoming tide rippling up on the beach at my feet. You are growing impatient again. Well, about the second week in September, John sent mamma word that some friends of ours were coming to stay with us during the exhibition, and that one of us girls must come home. Mamma called us up to her room and read the letter to us. Mabel and Florence were so disappointed that I offered to go, and, indeed, it was no sacrifice. I was only too happy to go home and see John again. Mamma was very much pleased, and said that as John must be lonely and the exhibition had already begun, I had better go that evening. It was then about noon, and as the train left at half-past nine, I had not much time.

I did my packing and then ran out to say goodbye to my friends, not all of whom stayed at the hotel. Some of the fisherfolk and I were great friends. Then I had my last sun-down walk on the beach. I felt a little sad at parting with it. The day had been dull and stormy, but the evening was calm and beautiful. It was flood-tide, and a long, rolling swell was roaring on the beach. I shall not soon forget it.

There were quite a number of our friends at the station to speed me away. Some of them had Chinese lanterns, which they waved as the train moved off; it looked very pretty.

As I was tired and the berths were made up, I went to bed at once. I had never travelled far alone before, and for a few moments I felt strange and lonely. I laughed at myself when I thought how well off I was. Just a night and a day on the train! I would get into the city at six o'clock the next evening, and John would be waiting for me. Mamma said that she would telegraph to him in the morning. We had to change cars at 5.30 in the morning, and I was afraid that I might oversleep myself, but instead of that I woke at three, and as I felt rested and wakeful, I raised the window curtain and lay watching the country glide past me, like a dream, in the faint light. It became more distinct as the dawn grew brighter, and soon the land lay fair and smiling in the bright sunshine of a September morning.

We reached the junction on time. There was a great crowd everywhere—on the train where we were and on the platform of the station. Of course there were a great many on board who needed assistance, especially one poor woman, who had a little baby and three small children, so seeing no chance of the porter's coming to me, I took my travelling-bag and left the car. The instant I stepped on the platform, however, I repented it, for there were so many people rushing hither and thither that I became bewildered. There were two trains besides the one I had come on, and unfortunately I did not know which one to take. I saw a good-natured looking official at a little distance and I was making my way slowly towards him, when he suddenly disappeared round the station. I stopped in dismay, but in a few moments some one behind me said: "You seem to be in trouble; may I have the pleasure of assisting you?" I turned and saw a gentleman looking at me kindly, so I told him where I wanted to go. Taking my bag and my rug—mamma had insisted on my taking one, and, indeed, I needed it—he led the way to the train. I had time to see what he was like, as we had to move slowly because of the crowd. He was tall and strongly-built, with broad shoulders; his hair and close-cut beard were of a golden-brown colour, and he had very keen brown eyes, which looked as if they might laugh at you if occasion offered. His hands and face were deeply

browned, and after a good deal of hesitation I set him down as an Englishman, but whether travelling for business or pleasure, I could not say. He put my things in a seat, and, hoping that I would have a pleasant journey, lifted his hat and left the car.

I sat watching the moving throng of people until the train started. As it moved off I noticed that the English gentleman, whom, for convenience sake, I shall call Mr. King, jumped on the train, and, after, a few moments, passed down our car, taking a seat somewhere behind me. The next thing that occupied my attention was the fact that I had no breakfast, and I was woefully hungry. My seat was near the centre of the car, which, although it is the best place for travelling, entails waiting a good while for refreshments. I resigned myself to the sad fate of seeing half a car full of people supplied before me, when, to my astonishment, the white-aproned waiter entered the car and came straight to your humble servant. If it had been Clara, I would have laid his attentions to her well-known power of fascination. But me!—However, that did not alter the fact that he was there, and very thankful I was for it. After having enjoyed my breakfast, I looked curiously at my fellow-travellers. There was a young curate and his wife—newly married—that would furnish amusement for the rest of the day, I thought. But it did not. It got very wearisome and strangely exasperating to see them gazing fondly in each other's eyes, and when, later in the day, the curate fell to kissing his wife's hand, which she had just touched with the window, I felt an insane desire to rise and sink them both. He wore a smoking cap, evidently embroidered by the same fair fingers, with impossible silk rosebuds on a green velvet ground. There were several families returning from the seaside, two or three old gentlemen, travelling, I suppose, and that was as far as I could see without turning round. I did not wish to encounter those brown eyes. So I took out "The Silence of Dean Maitland," but the motion of the train made the words dance before my eyes, and before long I closed my eyes to rest them, and, leaning my head back on the rug, I found it very soft and comfortable. Then you know what happened—I fell fast asleep.

I woke with a start and regained my senses just in time to check the cry that rose to my lips. The train was going very slow, with a strange staggering motion. Then there came a sudden shock and we stopped altogether. Everyone started to their feet and made an instinctive rush for the door, I among the rest, but before I could move a step a hand on my shoulder pressed me down into my seat again, and Mr. King said: "Stay where you are; you are quite safe. I will go and see what the difficulty is." So saying, he hurried past me.

The scene in the car was dreadful. Every one seemed in a panic, although no one was hurt. The children cried, the ladies either screamed or sat with white faces and clasped hands. Not a gentleman was left in the car but the curate, who had his poor young bride fainting in his arms. One lady caught me by the arm with such a tight grasp that you can see the mark of the bruise yet, and implored me to say that we would not be thrown off the track and dashed down a precipice. I comforted her as well as I could, telling her that as the train had stopped we were in no danger. In a few moments more Mr. King came in, looking rather grave at first, I thought, but he smiled when he saw me, and told us that a freight train had been wrecked in front of us. Our engine had just touched the last car before it stopped, and that was what caused the shock. We were some distance from any station, and it would be at least three hours before we could proceed. He then left the car immediately, and after that most of the other gentlemen came in. As it was past noon, dinner was served, the waiter coming to me first again. After that I took up my book and read on to the end. I was very much interested. The car began to be most uncomfortable, the air was hot and close, the children, poor things, were very restless, and some small boys "played train," with ear-piercing shrieks. Those who could slept, and one old gentleman really snored so loud that it was almost unbearable.

On both sides of the track were thick woods, and

I did so long to escape from the car and wander there. At last, seeing no reason why I should not go, I rose and walked hastily down the car to avoid company. When I reached the platform I glanced back to see that no one was coming and then rushed hastily down the steps. I had not touched the ground before a strong hand held me back, and Mr. King asked me, rather sternly, where I was going. I told him, and thinking that he was really rather presuming—of course, he had removed his hand—I stepped off the car. I was put back again in a moment, but not before I had seen, at a little distance down the track—O girls, you can guess what!—and I had been angry at the delay, never once thinking of the poor men on the freight-train. One had been killed and the others frightfully injured. I heard that afterwards, however. Mr. King just said that some of them had been injured. I felt quite faint for a moment, and was turning to go back into the car when he said that there was no need of that—would not the woods on the other side do as well. Then he said that he hoped I would excuse him; he had only wished to spare me pain and had forgotten himself for a moment. My dears, I was so ashamed. He advised me not to wander far and lose myself. One of the gentlemen told me afterwards about the men, and added, that Mr. King was a doctor and had been so gentle and skilful with the poor men, staying with them all the time.

I wandered off into the woods, delighting in the freedom and breathing the fresh cool air. Some of the leaves were already turning and I found some tiny ferns nestling at the foot of the trees. I found so many pretty things that I had my arms full when I started to go back to the train. Then I thought, "how silly of me, to go back laden in this way." So I sat down and sorted my treasures. I had reduced my armful to a modest bunch before I finished. I looked at my watch. Five o'clock! I gathered up my skirts in one hand and rushed wildly through the woods. Now, you expect me to say that I lost myself. I did not, but very soon came in sight of the train. I stopped at the edge of the wood to get my breath and assumed a dignified air, then walked slowly towards the train. Mr. King came to meet me, saying, as he held out his watch, "I was naturally getting anxious. Have you not stayed out too long? You must be chilled." I said, "No thank you," and, refusing his offer to show me the wreck, stepped discreetly into the train. I wanted time to think over some important questions. Mama, on the afternoon before I came away, handed me some money, saying that she thought it would be sufficient and she could not very well spare any more. Of course, I should have had some of my allowance left, but I had used it in other ways since I went to the seaside. In calculating up my travelling expenses, I had expected to get my tea at home and now I found in my purse barely enough money to pay for it. I asked the conductor when we would get to the city. He said eleven o'clock. It was plain that I must have some tea. My long walk had made me hungry and it would be silly to try to exist without eating till eleven. To tell the truth, I was afraid of attracting Mr. King's attention, and there was no saying what he might do. That brought me to my next difficulty: "What did I, Patience Stanhope, mean by such friendly and intimate terms with the faintest stranger?" I was all alone, had not at all liked the idea who he was, and besides that I did not at all like the commanding air which he assumed towards me. I resolved to be very circumspect in my behaviour, all the more so that I found my heart entering a feeble protest against the wise decision of my head.

At last the train started, the sun set and the cool evening air blew through the car. When the waiter came round, I ordered as inexpensive a meal as I could and paid for it, leaving in my purse five cents, a street car ticket, a lucky penny and my latch-key. I gazed at it ruefully, shut it with a snap and thrust it viciously into my pocket. You see, I was still hungry and that accounted for my feeling. The evening air grew cooler and I was glad to pull my rug yet, but I did not dare to try to shut the window for fear that I would not succeed and some one would then interfere. I watched anxiously for the con-

ductor, and as he did not appear, I laid my head on the back of the seat pulled the rug over me and feigned sleep. In a few moments I became aware that Dr. King had moved to the seat behind me, and then my window went down swiftly and silently. Of course, I was sound asleep and could not notice that. By dint of seeming so I did fall asleep, and woke to find the car brilliant with electric light. I looked at my watch; it was nine o'clock. Only two hours more and then I should be at home and with my dear brother, not left to the care of any stray man who happened to be round. Strong in this idea, I sat up and looked around me boldly. All too soon I boasted. Before long Dr. King sat down beside me and I found to my dismay that I was unable to resist the charm of his manner. He talked pleasantly for a while and then said: "You must pardon me. I noticed that you took a very light tea and I am sure you will need something before you reach home." I could be firm there, and in spite of all he could say I refused. The porter began to make up the berths of those who were going through that night, and most of the others fell asleep. I began to feel tired and rather low-spirited. I suppose I looked very forlorn, for about ten o'clock Mr. King came with a glass of hot milk and said, gravely, that, as a doctor, he insisted on my taking it. Of course I had to do so, and I am ashamed to say how I enjoyed it. I did not see him again until the train began to move slowly along the front of the city. Then he came and asked if he could be of any assistance. I thanked him and said that I expected my brother to meet me. I was so glad to be able to say that. Then he wished me good night and left the car. When the train stopped, I kept my seat, knowing that John would come in, but O Clare! O Julia! pity me. He did not come! When every person had left the car I got up and went out. I walked slowly up and down the station, but still no John. Overcome with weariness and disappointment I leaned against the cold stone wall of the station and was biting my lips to keep back the tears, when I heard that voice again: "I fear you are in trouble; can I help you?" I looked up; there was Mr. King, holding out to me a card, which I took without knowing what I was doing and asked him to get me a cab. After he went out, I noticed the card, "Dr. Reginald Howard," with a string of letters after the name. I was thankful for even such a poor haven of rest as a cab, but I saw Dr. Howard spring to the seat after cabby. The streets were crowded with people even at that late hour. At first I could not understand it, but then I remembered the exhibition. At last we turned into our street, and, leaning out of the cab window, I saw my dear home standing among its stately elm-trees. I saw, with disappointment, there was not a light anywhere, and the unpleasant truth was forced upon me that they could not be expecting me. I was out of the cab in a moment and saying good-night to Dr. Howard and telling the cabman to call to-morrow. I slipped my latch-key into the lock. It turned easily, the door opened for a little way, and then, O horrors, stopped! My entrance was barred by a heavy chain. What would I do now? Dr. Howard, who had waited, was by my side in a moment and saw the state of affairs at a glance. "Too bad," he said; "however, we ought to be able to make them hear," and he pulled the bell vigorously. He rang again and again. All was silence. "Don't despair, we will try the windows next!" Picture to yourselves, my friends, Patience Stanhope, at the dread hour of midnight, stealing round her ancestral home, accompanied by a young man, who is a complete stranger than to her, trying every window and door in turn. But that miserable woman, the housekeeper, had been fatally careful. Between the desire to laugh and to cry, I was almost in hysterics. The outcome was that we drove back to the city to an hotel. I had plenty to think of on the way. How was I to tell Dr. Howard my name and the fact that I had no money? When I got out of the cab I said, desperately: "My name is Patience Stanhope, and, Dr. Howard, I have not any money left." Then I burst into tears. "My dear child, don't cry just that; it will be brave, it is not so dreadful. Trust me and it will be all right. Don't cry." He took me to the ladies' parlour and returned in a few minutes with a pretty maid. "Nora, this is Miss Stanhope. She has had

a long journey and is very tired. Do everything you can for her."

I had beautiful rooms, and Nora chattered the whole time while she helped me. The only drawback was that she concluded "the gentleman" was my intended and rattled on after this fashion: "Such a beautiful gentleman, so generous, and just dots on the ground that you walk on, Miss. He said I was to ask you what you would have for your breakfast." I told her I did not know and bade her good-night. She said to ring if I wanted her and left me in peace. I buried my head in the pillows and blushed with shame and cried very bitterly, too.

Next morning I woke early and thought a long time before I made up my mind what to do. Things did not look quite so black. I decided to dress myself, write a note to Dr. Howard, thanking him, and then go home to breakfast, when I would persuade John to go right down to the hotel and pay my bill. When I was ready I rang for Nora, and could laugh at her astounded face. I gave her the letter and asked her to show me the way down stairs. I gave a little skip of joy when I felt the familiar pavement beneath my feet. I hailed a passing street-car—you remember that I had a ticket in that purse of mine. I could not resist shaking my fist at the dear old home when I thought how it had shut its doors against me last night. There was nothing of that this morning, though, and in another moment I was alternately hugging my brother and calling him a dear creature, and urging him to rush down town and pay my bills, telling him, at the same time, that I fairly hated him, and altogether convincing him that I was crazy. "My dear Patience, my dear sister, calm yourself; sit down, my child. Mrs. Dawkins, a glass of wine for Miss Patience." I waved Mrs. Dawkins away with her glass of wine, but I could not help noticing, at the same time, how quickly she found it. I told John that I was calm and, making him sit down beside me, poured out the whole story. I never saw John so angry. I was quite frightened. At first he could only throw out short broken sentences, gradually decreasing in volume and increasing in length. "That confounded bell!" "That wretched woman," glaring at Mrs. Dawkins, "sleeps like the tomb!" "You had no money, my poor sister." Then, drawing himself up, he said, with great dignity: "I must express myself as astonished that my mother did not display more forethought and—ahem! consideration, and, in short—more common sense." He would hardly wait till he had his breakfast before he rushed off down town. In the afternoon Mrs. Dawkins brought me a bunch of roses from Dr. Howard, hoping that Miss Patience had recovered from her fatigue. That evening John brought him in to dinner without a word of warning, but we spent a very pleasant evening.

I saw him again the next day, indeed, several times the next day, and altogether I have been a great deal with him. One afternoon, about a week ago, I promised—ah! my dear girls, you know what. I hope I have not wearied you with this long letter. I need not tell you that I am very happy. I shall be impatient to hear from you. You must not think that because I have Reginald I love you any the less.

Believe me, my dear, dear girls,

Ever the same loving

PATIENCE.

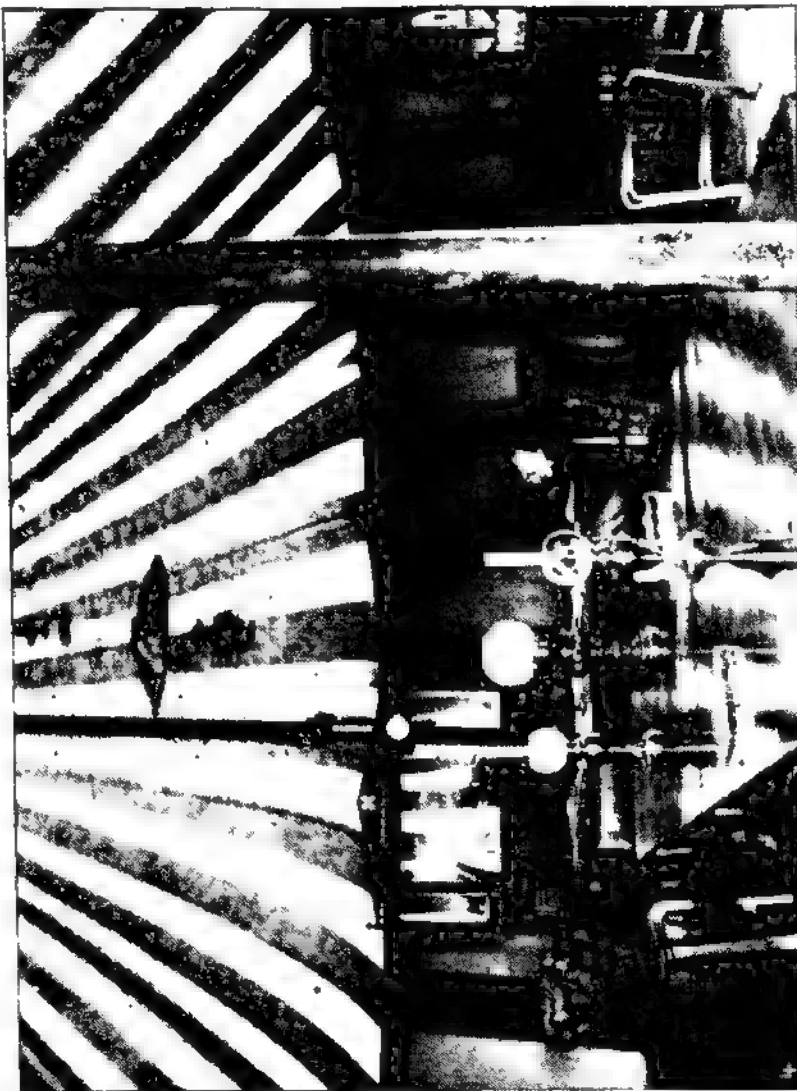
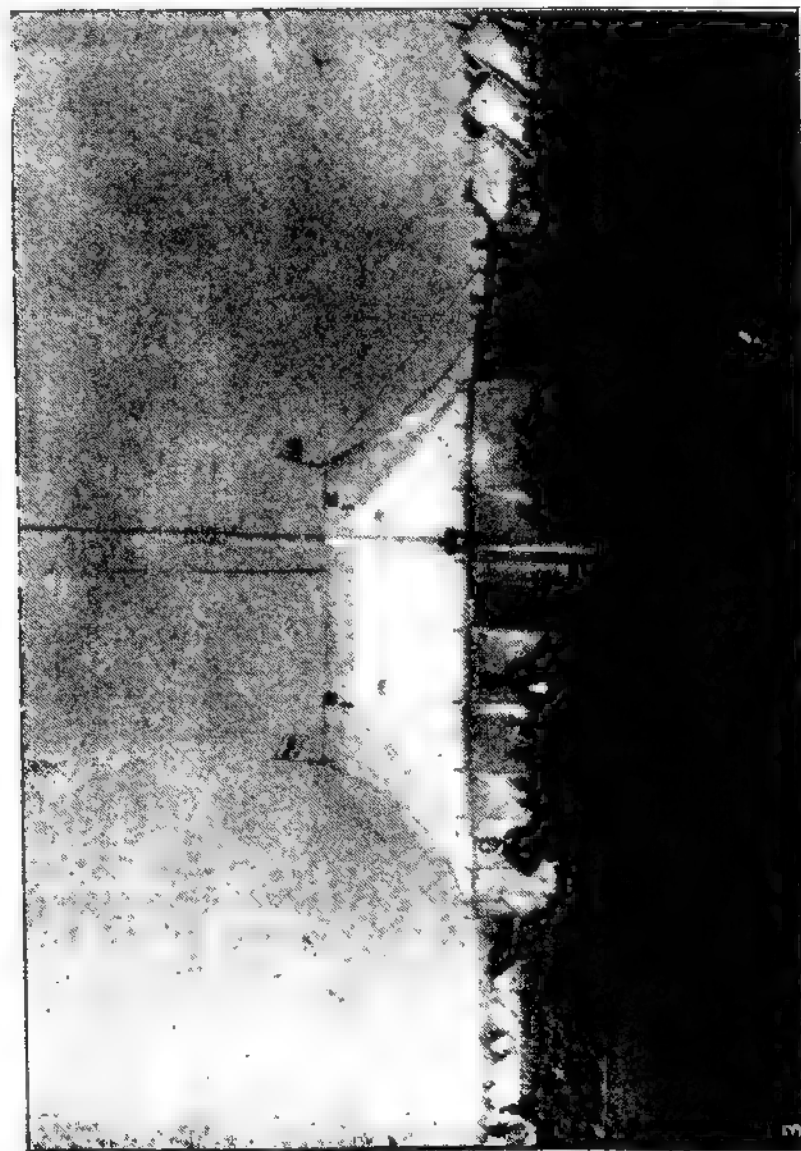
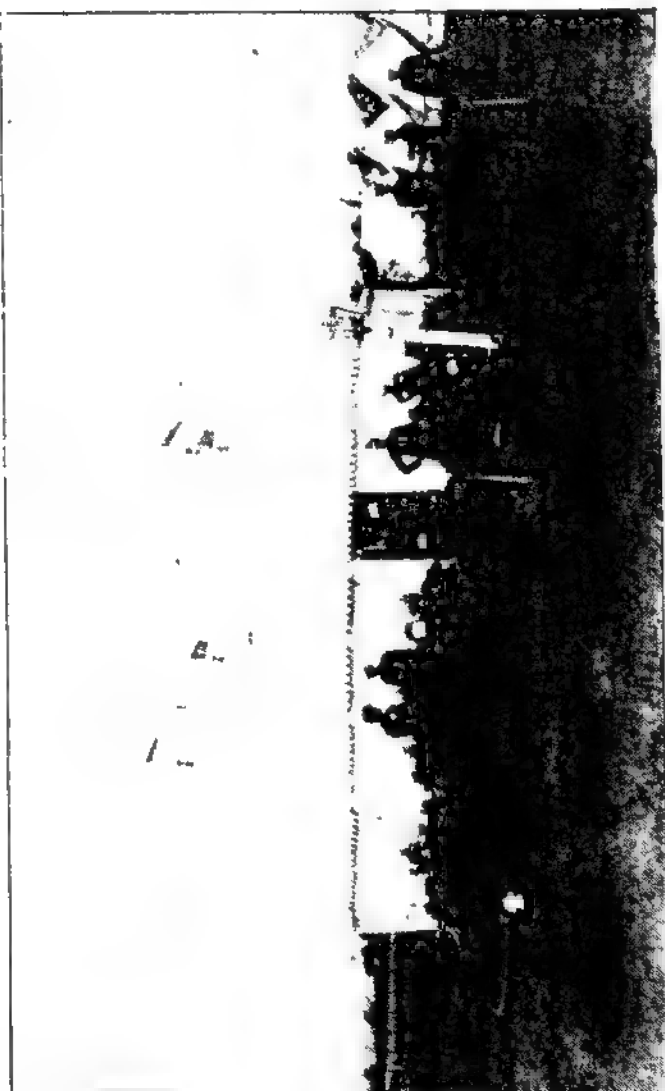
A striking exhibit in the United States section of the Paris Exposition is that of the Horney Manufacturing Company, of Utica, N.Y., under the superintendence of Messrs. Osheimer Brothers, their Paris representatives.

An attractive arrangement of the celebrated Ideal Felt Tooth Polishers, at first meets the eye in fantastic groups of Bone, Horn and Celluloid Holders and boxes of Felt Polishers, resting on velvet backgrounds, in infinite variety, and surmounted by brilliant sketches, show-cards, etc.

On nearer approach, familiar national airs reach the ear, from a duet of mechanical ladies, handsomely dressed, who are engaged brushing their teeth; one with a bristle tooth brush and the other with the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher; the different results of which are reflected in the hand-glasses which each one holds.

The originality, taste and skill shown in making this display so effective reflects great credit on the manufacturers and adds not a little to the attractiveness of the United States section.

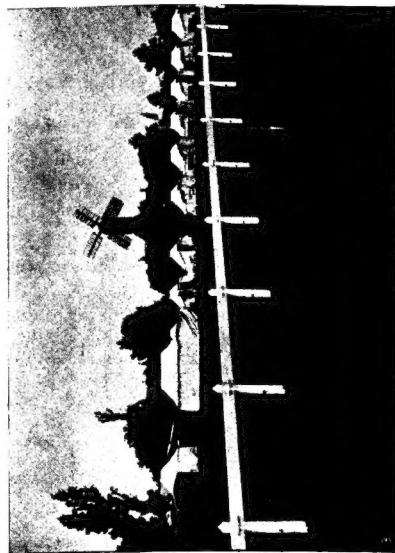
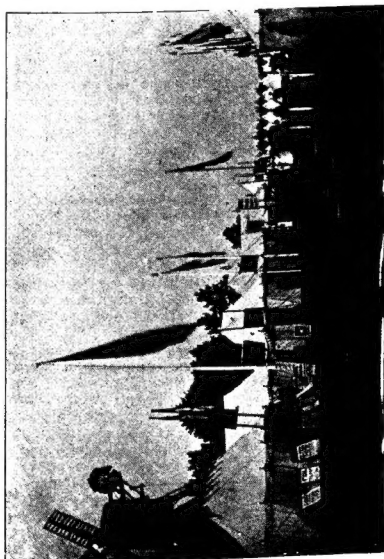
WIMBLEDON.



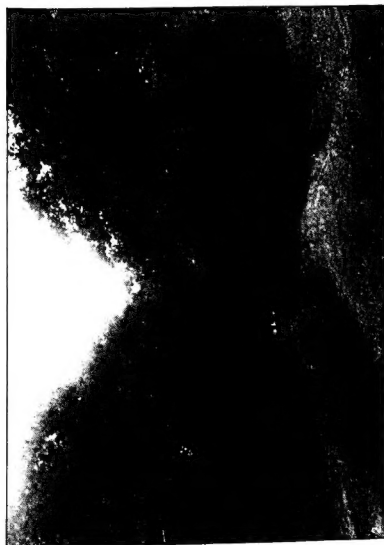
1. The Canadian team just in from the Firing Point.
3. The Canadian camp, showing all the tents (rainy weather).

2. Another group of the same.
4. Interior of Canadian Reception Tent. Col. Bacon in the armchair.

WIMBLEDON.



1. High Street (or Regent Street).
3. Staff quarters of the Association.



2. One of the Roads leading to Wimbledon Common.
4. The Cottage occupied by Major General Lord Warrington, V.C.



A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

Bananas baked without the skins and eaten cold with cream and sugar, or hot with sauce, are considered delicious for dessert.

For a boil, take the skin of a boiled egg, moisten it and apply. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

Authorities hold that currants are best when eaten for breakfast. They should be iced cold, and sugared an hour before they are served.

Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants and cherries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time.

Worsted goods are composed of wool that has been carded and combed, while woollen goods are made of wool that has been carded but not combed.

Oranges pared, cut in very thin slices, baked in a deep dish for ten minutes, then covered with grated cocoanut and eaten ice-cold, make a good dish for high tea.

It is an easy matter generally to decide whether berries are fresh or stale; if stale, they are withered, or show signs of decay; if fresh the colour is bright and clear, the berry firm and perfect in shape.

Lemon syllabub is a mixture of one pint and a half of cream, the white of six eggs, the juice of three lemons, a gill of the juice of some fruit, if prepared, and a pound of sugar. Whip and serve in glasses.

To cure a baby's colic hold it by the feet, with the head down, for a few seconds; repeat this if it still cries. This is an old Irish remedy, which is really quite scientific, as it removes the constriction which is probably the cause of colic.

Slip is an old-fashioned concoction of Southern origin. Its simplicity recommends it. Warm a quart of new milk, stirring in a tablespoonful of prepared rennet. After it has thickened set it on ice and serve with cream and sugar.

Study tables, desks, etc., covered with leather, may be restored to much of their original freshness by rubbing a little vaseline over them with a soft rag. Bookcases with glass doors should be opened occasionally, as the books are otherwise apt to get damp.

To bathe the eyes properly, take a large basin of cold water, bend the head close above it, and with both hands throw the water with some force on the gently-closed lids. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence.

ALMOND CREAM.—Melt half an ounce of gelatine in a small teacup of boiling water, with half a teacup of sugar; grate four ounces of almond paste into it, and stir over a kettle of boiling water until dissolved. Let cool. Whip a pint of cream and stir in lightly. Flavour the gelatine strongly with lemon; set on ice.

To soften paint brushes which have become hardened by paint drying on them, soak in turpentine and renew the fluid occasionally. To keep them soft when not using, wash thoroughly with turpentine after using, or, if this is objectionable, keep them in water. This will exclude oxygen or air, without which oil-paint cannot dry.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—Heat one quart of milk till a film rises to the top; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, moistened with water or milk, and add two beaten eggs, one-half of sugar, one-half teaspoonful each of butter and salt; flavour with vanilla or rose, pour over grated cocoanut or stir in the custard, stirring well. Place in a glass dish or serve in separate dishes, covering with frosting and bits of jelly.

For a new dessert try sweet-potato pudding. It is a great dish in the South and a pleasant change from pumpkin pie. Take four good-sized potatoes,

peel them, cut into half, boil until tender, and then mash fine. Add two eggs well beaten, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grated nutmeg, and two cups of milk. Put into a pudding dish and bake half an hour; eat either cold or warm.

CHICKEN CURRY.—Boil the chicken until tender in plenty of water, then put the fowl in another saucepan with a little of the liquor in which it was boiled. To four pounds of meat take a tablespoonful of curry powder, a teacupful of boiled rice, a tablespoonful of flour, and one of melted butter and a little salt, mix with the rest of the liquor and pour it over the chicken, when it will be ready to serve. Use boiled rice as an accompaniment.

At the fruit shops bouquets of peach leaves are kept for the customers who like the flavour in tea and who line the dish from which the fruit is served. Blackberries are sent to table in little blocks of ice hollowed out to contain a teaspoonful of fruit. The block may be wrapped around with a folded napkin and set on a dessert plate, or sent to table in ice cream saucers sufficiently deep to hold the water, if there is gas-light to increase the heat.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Broth can be made from the liquor in which the chicken is boiled. Cut up the chicken for salad into small bits, and add twice as much celery as chicken; if celery is scarce, substitute a little cabbage, add hard-boiled eggs. For the dressing beat well five or six eggs; while beating, add, a little at a time, a teacupful of oil, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, a tablespoonful of salt, a good pinch of cayenne; set the dish in hot water and stir while it thickens. When needed for use thin with a teacupful of vinegar, and pour over the salad. Prepare this a few hours before serving that the dressing may have time to blend with the salad.

THE LEMON LUNCH.—Lawn parties are the thing in the suburbs, and the lemon lunch is the favourite of all, and it must be confessed it is not a bad idea for a hot day. The invitations to the lemon lunch bear a lemon for a crest, and everybody who attends wears a knot of lemon coloured ribbon. Each one brings a lemon, too. Some young ladies of the hostess's family or acquaintance cut the lemons in two as they come, and put the seeds into a lemon coloured bowl. The ingenuity of the lady of the estate is displayed in the decoration of her table. Everything is yellow, so far as possible—flowers, china, the border of the napkins and cloth. Each dish has the flavour or seasoning or garnishing of lemon. At the end of the lunch the lemon seed bowl is brought on, and each lady has a guess how many seeds it contains, the one guessing nearest receiving a prize of a piece of yellow china, the one making the worst estimate a lemon squeezer.

A SPLENDID CATCH.

On Saturday morning last, while some of the guests of the McGregor House, at Courtright, were enjoying themselves with hook and line, by pulling out any number of the beautiful pickerel that abounds in that neighbourhood, an unusual commotion was seen in a boat in the middle of the river, occupied by Mr. B. S. Van Tuyl, of this town, and Mr. 'Dolphe McGregor, of Courtright. Both of their lines were out, when all of a sudden Mr. Van felt himself gradually leaving the boat, and called to his companion to catch hold of him, which that gentleman did, just in time to save him from being precipitated into the middle of the stream, whose current at that point runs fully six miles an hour. Of course, the real cause of this was, that Van had evidently a bite; yes, a bite in earnest, too, as was soon made manifest by the both gentlemen pulling at the strong cord, and hauling to the surface an immense fish, of apparently colossal proportions. War was now declared, and the fight raged at its height. Van at the edge of the boat, holding on to the line with one hand, and grabbing at the monster with the other, while 'Dolphe held on to Van to keep them both in the boat, while their finny antagonist was taking them down stream at the rate of forty miles an hour. After several ineffectual attempts to get hold of the brute, Van made a grab at its head, running his two centre fingers into its mouth, upon

which the brute immediately closed down, and Van of course yelled furiously for mercy. At this juncture, which was evidently serious, 'Dolphe grabbed the monster by the tail and, with the united efforts of Van, 'Dolphe and the fish itself, they landed it in the boat. As soon as it struck the bottom of the boat Van jumped on it with both feet, and held it down while 'Dolphe secured it fast from any further trouble. By this time they had been taken down past the Oakland, and 'Dolphe took hold of the oars and pulled for home, where a large crowd had assembled to see the "catch." Upon landing the fish it was weighed and measured and found to go 18 feet, 8 inches long, and weighed a trifle over 98 pounds. The guests of the McGregor House are now being regaled every morning with delicious halibut steak. It might not be out of place to mention that the two gentlemen who went through this ordeal are not light weights, as each tips the scale at 275 lbs., so that the reader can well imagine the appearance of both as they emerged from the terrible conflict. 'Dolphe came off comparatively easy, while Van lost his both cuffs, gold buttons and hat.—*Petrolia Advertiser.*

THE PRIMEVAL POTATO.

In some unknown region of the New World, probably somewhere about the highlands of Peru—for the origin of the potato, like that of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche and other important personages, is "wrop in mystery"—there grew, at that precise period of history known to chronologers as "once upon a time," a solanaceous plant peculiarly persecuted in the struggle for life by the persistent attentions of too many hungry and herbivorous admirers. In such a case the common resource of any ordinary unscrupulous member of the solanum family would doubtless have been to adopt the usual solanaceous tactics of poisoning these its obtrusive friends and actual enemies. Any other solanum would have filled its stem and leaves with narcotic juices, and made itself exceedingly bitter to the taste, so that the beasts and birds, disgusted at the first bite, would have desisted from the vain attempt to devour it. Not so the father of all potatoes. That honest and straightforward plant declined to have recourse to such mean strategy. Hard pressed by herbivores in the struggle for existence, it struck out a new line for itself and for Ireland. It invented the tuber. And what is the tuber, which natural selection, thus acting upon the necessities of the primeval potato, succeeded in producing for a hungry world? Essentially and fundamentally it is not, as most people imagine, a root, but an underground branch, bearing buds and undeveloped leaves on its surface, which we know as eyes, and capable of doing all the work of a branch in producing foliage, flowers, and berries. All that is peculiar to the tuber, viewed as a branch, sums itself up in two cardinal points. First, it happens to develop under ground (an accident which as we all know in the familiar cases of layers and suckers, may occur with any ordinary branch any day,) and, secondly, it is large, swollen and soft, because it contains large reserves of material, laid up by the plant in this safe retreat to aid the future growth of its stems and leaves in a second season. A tuber, in fact, must be regarded merely as one of the many plans adopted by plants in order to secure for themselves continuity of existence. In woody shrubs and trees the material laid up by the individual to provide for next year's leaves and flowers is stored in the inner bark, which does not die, and this accounts for the way in which such trees as almonds, mezereon, and pyrus japonica are enabled to blossom in early Spring before the foliage itself begins to come out.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

TROUT FISHING.—When you are fishing for trout and notice some other fellow trying to sneak in ahead of you, why just let him go, instead of taking a short cut to head him off. It won't pay to race him. Sit down beside the tumbling stream as it bounds from rock to rock, light your cigar and wait. Take up your rod, see that the flies are all O. K., then make your cast behind that rock or log, and if you're posted in your line of business, you will soon have Mr. Trout in the basket. If you are not an expert with the rod and fly, why, hire some first class man to go with you until you become proficient in one of the prettiest sports that man ever had offered him.



To deal frankly, honestly and firmly with all men turns out best in the "long run."

It has been truly and tenderly said, "Even that perfect petition, the Lord's Prayer, gains something from the fact that every man who repeats it remembers that he learned it at his mother's knee."

The responsibility of any wrong action begins long before the action itself is committed; it deals with the source and the growth of motives. It is not enough to say we should resist the motive which urges us to do wrong. This is of course true; but it is also true that we should not have permitted the motive to attain such strength. We know not what particular temptation may assail us next month or next year; but we can so order our present life as to weaken wrong desires and withdraw the force of evil influences.

THIRTEEN GRAVE MISTAKES.—To yield to immaterial trifles. To look for perfection in our own actions. To endeavour to mould all dispositions alike. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. To expect to be able to understand everything. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp. To look for judgment and experience in youth. To measure the enjoyment of others by one's own. Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others. To worry ourselves about others with what cannot be remedied. To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform. Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power. To set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—That the tongue is not steel yet it cuts. That cheerfulness is the weather of the heart. That sleep is the best stimulant, a nerve saviour for all to be able to read Latin. That cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily impure. That a cheerful face is as good for an invalid as healthy weather. That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give but hard enough to take. That it is not enough to keep the poor in mind, to give them something to keep you in mind. That burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them. That heavy words often rankle in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuage it; forgiving curses, and forgetting takes away the hurt.

FOR QUIET MOMENTS.—Time passes; words stay, a girl's first duty lies at home. It is better to be than to have been. A friend is never known till needed. A small unkindness is a great offense. If you would gain affection bestow it. Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing. Hate makes waste, and waste makes want. Good manners are the blossom of good sense. Bitter is the cup that a smile will not sweeten. Knowledge is a wing whereby we fly to heaven. Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. The mean is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. In bringing up a child think of its old age. A place for everything and everything in its place. Don't put your trust in money, but put your money in trust. The Sabbath is a holy and beautiful island, struck off from the continent of Heaven, and thrust down into the stream of Time.

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY CIVILIZER.—The Rev. James Chalmers said recently in an address in London:—"I have seen twenty-one years' experience among natives; I have seen semi-civilized and civilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides, which I sincerely trust will not be handed over to the tender mercies of France. I have visited the Loyalty group; I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan group; I know all the islands of the Society group; I have lived for ten years in the Hervey group; I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea; but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization, without Christianity, has civilized." Testimony such as this is worth volumes of theory.—*Exchange.*

Cato said that wise men have more to learn of fools than fools of wise men. Probably he meant that, being wise, they would learn more. Everywhere the wise man is the learner; and the lesson of avoiding is one which wisdom will ever glean from the exhibition of folly. While the examples of good and great men are powerful in winning us to love and to imitate their excellencies, those of an inferior description may exercise a warning and restraining effect. The cruelty which excites horror and indignation may lead us to cultivate kindness and compassion. The selfishness which appears in such repellent features may cause us to dread and shun it. The fretful and peevish temper, so disagreeable to witness, may stimulate us to be cheerful and patient. The sight of dishonesty, of their lamentable results, may be the turning-point in the career of one just beginning to swerve from strict rectitude. Certain it is that we may, if we will, in some of these ways, reap harvests of good from the evil that is all around

A MUSSULMAN UNIVERSITY IN MOROCCO.

The greatest native educational centre in North Africa is the University of Garaouin, at Fez, in Morocco. Hither flock students not only from all parts of Morocco, but also from Algeria and Tunis, because the religious education given in the mosques in the latter countries is not, it would appear, all that it should be, and hence students go to Fez to complete their studies. M. Delphin, professor of Arabic in the University of Oran, communicates to the *Revue Française* some details respecting the life led by the Mussulman students there, which were communicated to him by a native professor at the great mosque of Tlemcen. They number about 700, and usually devote themselves to some special subject under particular professors. Of these latter there are about 40, each following a daily course which might be only the commentary on a particular work on Mussulman theology. But students come from afar to study this work, as they do to study rhetoric, dialectics, logic, eloquence, grammar, and law. Students belonging to Fez live at home, or in certain *medersas*, or homes reserved for them; those who come from other places and have no friends in the town live in such *medersas* as they please, usually with druggists or vendors of copperware. After morning prayer they all repair to the University, where they attend lectures until midday, when they return for food and ablutions, resuming work at 1 o'clock, and continuing until 3 or 4, when they again return home. At sunset, after the usual prayer, those who are attached to the mosques as public readers of the Koran repair to their duties. After this there are supplementary discourses at different mosques at which the students attend, and at 9.30 they are free. Those who are supported by an inhabitant of the town pay their evening visit to their patron; the rest do much as they please; but after the last meal they are not allowed to leave their *medersa*. The breakfasts are provided by certain mosques and are distributed by the caretaker of the *medersa*, who, if a student is absent, casts his little loaf out into the street. On Tuesday there is no work, and the students must fast, their little allowance of food being stopped on that day. But the charitable people of Fez supplement the meagre official fare, happily for the students. Each one follows what course he pleases; work begins at 2.30 a.m. to 5 a.m. according to the season, the first series of lectures being devoted exclusively to the explanation of commentators on the Koran, the text of which is already known to each student. At sunrise a second batch of professors, numbering a dozen, arrive, and discourse on exegesis, law, and dogmas. The afternoon is given to grammar and rhetoric, the later hours to logic, astronomy, arithmetic, geography, history, medicine, literature, and the talismanic numbers, or the determination by calculation of the influences of angels, spirits, and stars, of the names of the conqueror and the conquered, and of other future events. The difficulty experienced in obtaining a professor intimate with the principles of this latter science and able to impart his information is said to be incredible. The *tolbas*, or students, have no examinations. Each professor knows how to distinguish those of his hearers whose qualities render them worthy of diplomas, which are bestowed on them in more or less eulogistic terms. The diploma is very highly valued, and gives those possessing it a veritable prestige in the Mussulman world.—*Times.*

SPOONS.

"Good night, sweetheart!" he softly said,

And held her tight.

Upon his breast he bowed her head,

And sighed "Good night!"

He clasped her close. "Good night!" said he

In tender tone.

"Good night!" once more responded she,

"My love! my own!"

And then, "Good night, my own dear love!"

Again said he

More softly than a cooing dove,

"Good night!" said she.

But whether he said so again

I cannot say.

For I got tired of listening then,

And came away.



What is more valuable when it is upside down? The figure 6.

BEFORE STAMPS were in use people multiplied on the face of the earth.

POSTAGE-STAMPS know their places when they have been licked once, or ought to.

TARVIS: "Oldmanson is one of your closest friends, isn't he?" De Smith: "Yes; I never could get a red out of him."

IN the parade the other day was a kilted Highlander. He made us wonder how they strike matches in Scotland.—*Kansas Sun.*

A BOY'S description of having a tooth pulled expressed it about as well as anything we have seen: "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"WHAT'S a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I make out," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive so that he may die rich."

SOME singers at a concert were somewhat startled the other evening by finding that the selection, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," had been printed on the programme, "When married wretches," etc.

TEACHER (natural history class): You will remember, will you, Tommy, that wasps live in a torpid state all the winter? Tommy: Yes'm; an' I'll try to remember that they make up for it in the summer.

WINKS: Has your wife a cheerful disposition? Blinks: Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached.

BROWN: Ah, so that is young Jones. What profession does he follow, may I ask? Smith: Oh, he is in the sugar trade with his father. Brown: Ah, indeed? It's sanded down from father to son, I suppose. Smith thinks it over.

"I DON'T say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall; "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath." Not necessarily. When I have been asked for the arrears in my board bill I have invariably answered softly, so that the other boarders wouldn't hear, but the landlady's wrath didn't seem to diminish much.

WHERE LADIES SWOON.—Apocryph of fainting, I came lately upon a curious piece of statistics—"Out of 612 young ladies who had hysterical fits last year more than one-half fell into the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor."

"POOR John; he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow, on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathising neighbour; "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

The Major, who has just proposed: I am not very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was over a hundred, you know, when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband. Daisy: Yes; but he had so many wives at a time that the—care of him was nicely distributed, don't you know?

In a house in the Highlands the other day a visitor happened to remark that a thermometer—notice one hanging on the wall—was a very useful instrument to have indoors. The mistress of the house replied: "Ay, ay—oor Jeems brocht it in the ither night for the heat o' the room. For ma ain part, however, I dinna see that it makes it a bit warmer."

LITTLE Dick (on a rainy day): Did it rain forty days and forty nights when the ark was under the roof, did it rain so hard that people had to stay in their houses until the flood came up and drowned them? Mamma: Y-yes; I believe so. Little Dick (gloomily gazing out of the window): Well, I guess they were glad of any change.

A TRAVELLING show recently exhibited a snake's skin, to which the following interesting legend was attached: "Skin of the serpent that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was killed by Adam the day after the Fall. Adam hid it with a club, the traces of which are still left. This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved in his family in Asia. The genuineness is attested by doctors of divinity, whose seals are attached."

WEEMEN FOLKS ARE FULES.—M'Taggart has a brother in New York from whom an American journal is frequently received by the grocer in his Scottish home. One arrived the other day, and Sandy, opening it with alacrity, prepared to read some of the choicest bits to Kirsty, who was busy with her knitting. "Eh! bit thae American chiele's awfu' cute," he exclaimed; "here's a doctor in New York says that hauf the weemen folk are fules!" "Weel, he's no' far wrang," said Kirsty quietly. "D'ye say sae?" restored her surprised spouse. "Oo ay; mair than hauf the weemen marriy" was the answer, and the reading was suspended.



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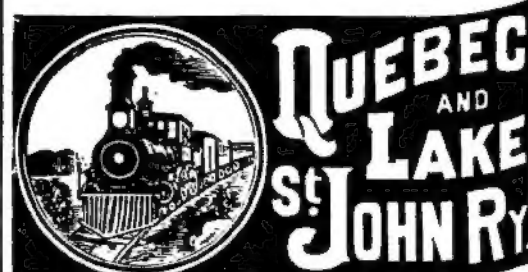
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